

Bad Blood...

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Summary: Two rivals are born as a training session goes very wrong...

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> Bad Blood<br> By: Seifer Almasy  
><br> This isn't exactly a fanfic... I just wrote out the fight scene with  
>detail, that's all. Well, enjoy...<br>  
><br>  
><br> Squall sat up in his bed. He yawned as he looked out the window at  
>the gray sky. Squall glanced at his clock.<br>  
> "WHAT!? 8:24!? Why didn't my alarm go off...?!" Squall jumped out of<br>bed and ran to his closet. He threw on his usual attire of clothes. A white  
>T-shirt, leather pants and a leather jacket. He threw on his necklace as well.<br>  
> "Damnit...", he thought to himself, "I was supposed to be to the fire<br>cavern already... This is the day of the field exam... I have to get a GF  
>today or I'm screwed." Squall reached in to the closet and took his  
<br>trademark gunblade out of the case. He loaded it ammunition before he  
>fastened it to his side. He ran out of his dorm room slamming the door <br>behind him. He rushed towards the frontgate. As soon as he passed the  
>library, he was stopped by Seifer Almasy, his rival...<br>  
> "Yo, Squall? Where you headed?" Seifer crossed his arms, waiting for<br>an answer. Squall didn't answer. He just walked right by.  
  
><br> "Oh. I got ya. You are goin' to the fire cavern, right? Going to  
>get your GF for the exam today?" Squall stopped and looked at Seifer.<br>

> "I'd love to stop and talk with you, but I'm kinda in a hurry."  
<br>Squall was about to walk away, but Seifer stopped him.  
><br> "You and I are the best fighters in this Garden. Everyone wants to  
>know who the best is. What do you say me and you fight? To see who  
the <br>best is..." Squall sidestepped Seifer and continued to the  
frontgate.  
>Seifer sighed and reached into his long gray coat. He pulled out his  
<br>gunblade and rested it on his shoulder.  
><br> "You can't get away from me, Leonhart."  
><br> -----  
><br> Squall finally arrived at the road that lead to the Fire  
Cavern.  
>He took his gunblade off his side and planted it in the ground. He  
leaned <br>his back upon the weapon and looked at the sky. It was  
getting unusually  
>dark. A drop of rain pelted Squall on the nose. He brushed it off as  
a <br>familiar voice startled him.  
><br> "Resting already?"  
><br> "Seifer..." Sure enough, Seifer stood on the road behind  
Squall.  
>He gripped his gunblade in his hand. Squall stood up looking Seifer  
dead <br>in the eye.  
> <br> "What do you want...?"  
><br> "This is the last chance you and I have to fight before the  
exam  
>today. I wanna prove to everyone that I can beat your sorry ass!"  
Then<br>Squall had had enough.  
><br> "That's it! Leave me be! Why don't you fight Raijin or  
something!"  
>Seifer shook his head and pointed his gunblade at Squall. <br>  
> "Come on..." Squall lost it. He turned and grabbed his gunblade  
<br>from the earth. The two rivals charged. Seifer was the first to  
strike.  
>He made an overhead slash but Squall was able to dodge the blow.  
Squall <br>followed up with a swing to Seifer's head. He also evaded  
the potentially  
>fatal blow and backed off. He raised his hand and motioned for  
Squall to <br>advance... Seifer's sinister smile only fueled Squall's  
rage. Both rivals  
>advanced a second time. Seifer thrust his blade three times at  
Squall, <br>but with skill, Squall was able to deflect the shots.  
Squall countered with  
>three devastating strikes of his own. Seifer wisely backed away and  
blocked<br>the blows with his gunblade. After that, Seifer was able  
to push Squall back  
>a few feet. Squall swung his blade around a couple times and charged  
at <br>Seifer, hand extended. Seifer just smiled as he raised his own  
hand. He  
>cast a fire spell on the oncoming Squall. Squall was hit dead on. He  
lost <br>his footing and fell back, dropping his gunblade on the  
ground. Squall tried  
>to get up before... Too late. Seifer was standing over the fallen  
Squall.<br>Seifer looked in to his eyes and smiled. He rose his  
gunblade high in the  
>air. Squall locked his gaze on the blade, as if memorized. Finally,  
Seifer<br>brought the blade down across his rival's face. Squall  
buckled back in pain  
>as blood flowed from his wound... Full of rage, Squall grabbed his  
gunblade<br>and swung it at Seifer. The rising slash connected with

Seifer's face and he  
>to, buckled back in pain. Squall fell to his knees to exhaustion.  
His <br>vision blurred as he looked up. Seifer was on one knee,  
holding his head.  
>Squall looked at his own head. He looked at the blood on his hand.  
Is <br>slowly rolled of the side of his hand and dripped on the  
ground.  
> <br> "Seifer.... I'll...get you back..."  
><br> Then everything went black.

End  
file.